THE WILMINGTON JOURNAL.

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From the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.

Interesting Commercial and Marine Statistics.

WASHINGTON, June 1.

I send you below some scraps of interest which have not, I believe, been published. Comparative statements are also given for the year 1848.

		Tons.
American tonnage entered the ports of the U. States for 1849	2,658,321	*Increase.*
Ditto for 1848	2,392,482	265,839
American tonnage cleared from the U. States for 1849	2,753,724	
Ditto for 1848	2,461,280	292,444
Foreign tonnage entered the U. States for 1849	1,710,515	
Ditto for 1848	1,405,191	305,324
Foreign tonnage cleared from the U. States for 1849	1,675,709	
Ditto for 1848	1,404,159	271,550
Total clearances and entrances		1,135,157

Value of domestic and foreign exports at New York for 1849	$45,963,100	
Vallue of ditto for 1848	53,351,157	
Less in 1849 than in '48		$7,388,057
Value of foreign imports in 1849, at same port	$92,567,369	
Value of ditto in 1848	94,525,141	
Less in 1849 than in '48		$1,957,772
Decrease of exports and imports in 1849		$9,345,929
Value of domestic and foreign exports at Philadelphia for 1849	$5,313,421	
Value of ditto for 1848	5,702,000	
Less in 1849 than in '48		$388,912
Value of foreign imports in 1849 at same port	$10,645,500	
Value of ditto for 1848	12,147,584	
Less in 1849 than '48		1,502,084
Decrease of exports and imports in 1849		$1,890,996

		Incr'se in '49.
Number of vessels clearing port of New York for 1849	2,673	
Number of ditto in 1848	2,343	
		330
Number of ditto clearing port of Phil. for 1849	539	
Number of ditto in 1848	476	
		63
Entire number of vessels clearing in the United States in 1849	20,313	
Ditto in 1848	17,329	
		2,784

[The *increase* in 1849 is about equal to the *entire* number of clearances of foreign and American vessels in 1810!]

	1849		1848
Total tonnage of the U. States in 1849	3,334,014	In 1848	3,154,041
Of which were employed in foreign trade	1,438,941	Do	1,360,886
Do. employed in coasting trade	1,770,376	Do	1,659,316
" " " fishing trade	124,697	Do	133,838
Total, as stated, in 1849	3,334,014	Do	3,154,041

The steam navigation, for 1849, to be deducted from the coasting trade, was 441,524 tons; employed likewise in 1848, 411,824 tons. Increase of steam tonnage, 29,701 tons.

Vessels built in United States in	1849.	1848.	Inc'se.	Dec'se.
Ships	198	254	00	56
Brigs	148	174	00	26
Schooners	623	701	00	78
Sloops and canal boats	370	547	00	177
Steamers	208	175	33	00
Total aggregate	1547	1851	33	337
Comparative tonnage of same	256,577			318,075

The estimated revenue of the State of Pennsylvania, for the year ending 31st May, 1851, including the balance in the Treasury, is $4,333,575, and the expenditures $4,306,676—leaving a balance of $26,788. Included in the expenditures is $287,500 for the sinking fund.

POPULATION OF OHIO.—By the return lately made to the Constitutional Convention of Ohio, by the Secretary of State, it appears that by the census of 1840, the State contained 1.502,114 whites, and 17,353 colored persons—total, 1,519,567.

The Secretary estimates the population this year at whites 2.035,731, colored 23,505—total. 2,059,236.

This shows an aggregate increase of 539,769—an increase among the whites of 533,607, and among the blacks of 6,152.

The Virginia and Tennessee Railroad Company have contracted for 9000 tons best English railroad iron, at $40 50 per ton, delivered on James River below Richmond. The rails are to weigh 60 pounds to the yard.

ACKNOWLEDGING THE FACT.—The old proverb that "many a true word is spoken in jest," was forcibly illustrated a few Sundays since. A Free Church Minister in Glasgow, gave out as the morning lesson, the 4th section of the 19th Psalm; and while the congregation were looking out the "portion" in their Bibles, the Dr. took out his mull, and seizing a hasty pinch with finger and thumb, regaled his nose with the snuff; he then began the lesson: "My soul cleaveth unto the dust?" The titter that ran round the church, and the confusion of the poor priest showed that both the congregation and he felt the Psalmist's "pinch."

A High Tree and Tall Story.

A California correspondent of the Salem Gazette, Joseph S. Wallis, says that Colonel Temple Tebbets, formerly of Lewiston Falls, Me., cut a tree of the redwood species in California, which was two hundred and fifty-four feet high, and measured at the top two feet in diameter, and at the butt twelve feet in diameter, and the tree was worked into lumber one hundred and forty feet from the butt, where it measured five feet in diameter. There was made from this giant of the forest one hundred and ten M. shingles; six M. clapboards; four thousand feet three-by-four joists, twenty-two feet long; and there was left, at a moderate calculation, from seventy to eighty cords of wood. The clapboards were sold for $500 per M., the shingles for $35 per M., the joists for $375 per M., and the remaining part of the tree would readly sell in San Francisco for firewood, at $40 per cord; thus, at a safe estimation, there was derived from the working of this mammoth dweller of these primeval forest, the neat little sum of $11,350.

We would be inclined to doubt the above story, did it not appear in print; but we are somewhat like the old lady who told a pretty tough yarn, the truth of which one of her hearers begged leave to doubt. "It's as true as can be," said she, "did not I read it in the newspaper!" We have great faith in newspapers! The above tree must bear some slight resemblance to an oak we once read of which grew near the Father of Waters. A Mississippian was bragging to a Yankee of the fertility of the soil in his region. To give a practical illustration of his subject he said that he went to the woods to cut down an oak tree. After he had chopped away for about a week or ten days he thought he would take a walk round the tree, just to see how much more he had to cut. When he got to the other side he saw another man chopping away on the same oak. "I say," says our friend, "how long have you been cutting?" "Just three weeks," says the stranger. The tree was so thick round that they did not hear the sound of each other's axes!—*N. C. Argus.*

A fellow writing from the gold mines, says he has slept for the last six months on a bed stuffed with broken bottles, with nothing but a celler door for a blanket. His shirt is changed by turning a shingle!

The transient nature of the sorrows of children has been often remarked on by writers; but by none so beautifully as in the following lines by Sir Walter Scott.—

"The tear down childhood's cheek that flows,,
Is like the dew-drop on the rose;
When next the summer breeze comes by
And waves the bush, the flower is dry.

In this country we own no sovereings, except the ladies—God bless them!—and every man ought to have one of them.—*Ex.*

What's more, if a man has one of these sovereigns any length of time, small change will come of itself. *Picayune.*

AN INVITATION.—The following inscription may be seen on a grave-stone in Green county, N. Y.: "Here lies the body of Johannes Smith, aged sixty-four years and two months. *Go thou and do likewise!*"

[SELECTED FOR THE "JOURNAL," BY A LADY.]

From the Odd Fellows' Offering

The Witch.

BY T. H. MATTESON.

(CONCLUDED.)

The daughter paused not one moment, from the time she began to read this painful development of her mother's infatuation and disgrace, till she had reached the last word. The tears would sometimes swell in her eyes, but she brushed them hastily away, and continued. When she had finished the reading, she dropped her head between her hands, and wept and sobbed bitterly. Let the reader himself define her feelings. At length, the hour of midnight was tolled from the village church steeple, and she raised her head to look forth into the moonlight. A cold shudder ran through her frame, and a faint scream escaped her lips, for, fronting the window, in the full glare of the moon, appeared a face, haggard and withered as if with premature age. She caught but one uncertain glimpse of the apparition, for a mist passed before her, and when it cleared away, the appalling figure had vanished. "The witch," she faintly articulated, and buried her face in her pillow. Presently she uttered a scream, as she felt a touch upon her shoulder. A smile, however, dimpled her pretty cheeks and shone in her lustrous eyes, as she recognised the new intruder.

He was a youth of some twenty-five years, straight as a saplin, and lithe as a willow; with a fine, frank face, and an eye like an eagle's. "Pardon me, Mary, for thus abruptly intruding upon your privacy," he began, "but I heard a scream, and knowing you had not retired"—

"How did you know that?" interrupted Mary.

"By the simplest means in the world; and without the exercise of any impertinence, as you suspect. I had been into the fields to look after some horses that had broken loose from the enclosure, and in descending the hill overlooking the house, on my return, I discovered that your curtains were undrawn. I saw that you were reading, and apparently disturbed in mind. I was going to my own chamber when I heard you scream."

"O, Harry," cried the girl, "let me intrust you with a secret, which, considering the relation in which we stand, is worth your knowing—indeed, one which you *must* know, for it concerns your honor, and may change our relation."

"Ah!" exclaimed the youth, turning pale; "what then was the meaning of the scream which I heard before coming in?"

"It had no connection with the subject of our present conference, as you shall hear. It was caused by girlish fright, on seeing, just then, the face of Mother Foote, whom they call the witch, at the window. What can she want here? She can gain nothing by frightening a poor girl like me."

"Mother Foote!" repeated the young man, pausing for a moment in thought; "she has an object beyond that, if we could fathom it. Has she ever appeared to you in this manner before?"

"Never!"

"Strange! but what is this matter of such moment?"

"You know, Harry," she responded, "that I am an orphan—that your kind, noble aunt and uncle, with whom I have been reared through the past ten years, are only my adopted parents?"

"I do, of course. Whither does this tend?"

"Listen! not only your uncle and aunt, my father and mother, as I have always loved to call them, have been in profound ignorance of my birth and parentage, but even myself, until this evening."

"This night? and how then at length have you been able to unravel the mystery?"

"You see that package," she replied, pointing to the one with which we have seen her occupied.—"The story is there: you forget that it was left by my father to be opened by me, on my eighteenth birthday. This is the appointed time, and I have performed the duty—you must do the same, for it behooves you to know the contents."

"How can it possibly concern me?" inquired the youth, tenderly; "you forget that your father could not possibly have known anything of me: and I have not yet the right to be admitted to your family secrets; wait till Tuesday week; then, indeed, I shall have a husband's privilege to be made acquainted with the contents of this manuscript."

"You must be made so acquainted at once; perchance you may conclude never to exercise that right: but read first—I will explain afterward."

Thus urged, the youth took up the package and hurriedly made himself acquainted with its contents. The young girl riveted her eyes upon his face as he proceeded, in order, if possible, to define his thoughts—but it was of no avail, for he gave no sign. At times his lip was observed to tremble, and his eye to flash or fill with tears, but he uttered no exclamations, and when he had finished the reading, he laid the packet down, and sat some moments in profound silence. The girl drew timidly toward him, and rested her hand upon his shoulder, while she said in subdued accents: "Now, Harry, you know all, even to my mother's disgrace. You know too, how much I love you," she added, dropping her cheek upon his shoulder, and pausing for a moment in the excess of conflicting emotions: "you know too that on Tuesday week we were to be wedded. I have your troth for that. When I accepted your generous offer, neither of us knew what has just come to our knowledge. I release you from all your promises. You are free to make your promise anew."

"Mary!" he exclaimed in a tone of reproach.

"Nay, Harry," she replied, "be patient with me, for my brain is fevered to-night. Think well on what you are about to do. You are about to take to your confidence, to your heart, the child of—oh! how I shame to think of what I cannot utter—the child of such as you now know my mother to have been. Can you have confidence in me? Can you overlook this family taint, and persist in consummating this sacrifice?"

"Mary, desist! I will not listen to you. When I am persuaded that the child is responsible for the misdeeds of the parents, when I am satisfied that the bad conduct of one member of a family can with justice be punished in another—any more than one member of the human family should be made to suffer for the misconduct of his neighbor—then, perhaps, your reasons might have some weight: but, Mary, it is you I am to wed, not the memory of your mother, whose errors must be atoned in the way Providence shall direct—so now let me hear no more of this. I grieve with you for the loss of a mother's honor, if it be lost, for of that I am not so fully satisfied as your father; and please Heaven I shall unravel this mystery in time, and, may be, sooner than you think. Let us drop that subject for the present. You say you have never before seen Mother Foote, whom they call the witch?"

"Yes! I have seen her sometimes, wandering about the fields, but never before face to face. Do you know her history?"

"In part, and if you attend to me, I will relate all I know of her."

The maiden signified that nothing would gratify her more, and he began:

"It is now about six years since Mother Foote came into this neighborhood, unattended and unknown. She was first seen wandering among the shops in the village, purchasing some simple articles of furniture in one place, and food in another. This course she pursued for many days, obtaining small quantities at a time, and conveying them with her own hands, always in one direction, but whither it tended, for a long time, no one knew. There was something so unusual in her deportment, and so quaint in her general appearance, that she attracted an uncommon share of observation. Even the children came at length, and gathered together in little groups, whenever she made her appearance, and some among them had the temerity to follow her, on one or two occasions, as she left the village, but they never went beyond a certain point. You remember the little path, on the height above the village, which winds through a little grove of pines and hemlocks, toward the head of the rapids? It was just at the entrance to this path that she always paused, and beckoned them back, with such an air and such a look as almost frightened them out of their senses; when they ran home as if the evil one were in pursuit. On these occasions the youngsters always had marvellous tales to relate to their credulous mamas, about the fire that flashed from her eyes, and how the figure arose to an enormous height, when she raised her hand to admonish them to come no farther.

"You have often visited the falls, so picturesquely situated in the centre of the grove to which I have alluded, and, of course, remember the wildness of the scene, which it was finally discovered she had chosen for her home. You have often seen the hut which clings, or hangs, as it were, like a bird's-nest, against the side of the rock, just above where the water, after worming its way through the tangled ravine, tumbles in a silver sheet over the precipice into the basin below?"

"Yes!" answered Mary, while a glow of enthusiasm warmed the rich carnation in her cheeks, "Oh, yes! I remember it well. It has always been one of my favorite girlish rambles, particularly in the spring, when the fragrance of the wild honeysuckles, crowning the heights, is so delicious, and the young wintergreens and the strawberries are so fine in flavor. You can tell me nothing new about that spot, for I dare say I have rambled over nearly every inch of it—Well?"

"Well! there, as you know, she has lived for the last six years, her only living companion during all that time being a huge cat, that, by a strange freak, one day followed her home from the village. The owner of the cat never cared to reclaim it, because he was fully satisfied, in his own mind—and he found enough to confirm him in the belief—that it was bewitched. From that time Mother Foote has inspired the villagers with a feeling of superstition amounting to awe. Old women and children throw sidelong, timorous glances, and point with their fingers at her, as they mutter, "the witch." It is said that during the day she is seldom seen about her dwelling, but keeps herself carefully secluded, except when storms arise, when she crosses the shallow stream at the head of the rapids, and, ascending the high rock overlooking the frightful chasm below, she seats herself with her hands clasped upon her knees, and sways her body to and fro as if in the act of muttering her charms, or under the influence of intense bodily or mental suffering. When the huge thunder-heads go tumbling through the air, and the brisk lightning darts its fiery tongues athwart their crests, she only sways her withered body the more rapidly, or wags her head, and laughs, and snaps her fingers, as if it were a pastime. At such times, too, it is said, her cat picks its way daintily across the stream, and with a spring alights upon the rock, sometimes perching itself upon her back, or twisting itself round and round after its tail; and when the old woman strokes its back, particularly by a waning light, sparks of fire are emitted—conclusive evidence that its mistress is on intimate terms with the father of lies. Every mishap in the neighborhood is attributed to Mother Foote.

"About six months since, I heard a rumor that some of the young men in the village had formed a party to go, after nightfall, to the dwelling of the unhappy woman, level it with the ground, and rid the neighborhood of her presence. It was a piece of systematic, cold-blooded cruelty, which I did not feel inclined to recognise. On the contrary, I determined, if possible, to resist it, alone, if necessary. After some persuasion, I procured a companion, and in company we placed ourselves in ambush, near the appointed time and place of the contemplated attack. The time—midnight—arrived, and with it the rioters. It was sometime before they could summon resolution enough to commence the attack; not one among them having the courage to take the initiatory. At length, a movement was apparent toward the dwelling—which, you will remember, is approached by a winding-path, down a steep acclivity. On the borders of this path, my companion and myself had stationed ourselves; and as they descended we stepped promptly in before them, and stopped their way. Aghast at our sudden appearance, they started back a few paces; but by the light of the moon, which was shining bright at the time, one of the party recognised myself and companion.

"'Aha!' said he, 'a rescue or a reinforcement?'

"'Neither!' was my reply; 'but a negotiator.—Boys! this is a wicked deed. You are about to drive from the only home she has on earth, one who, doubtless, is already weighed down by heavy sorrows, one who has never done you or yours any injury, and for what? Because, forsooth, you suspect her of witchcraft.' More I said, prompted by the excitement of the moment, which it is not worth while to repeat. Presently they began to waver in their purpose, and finally agreed, one and all, to abandon it. Just at this point of time, the figure of Mother Foote appeared, relieved against the moonlight upon the pinnacle of the rock, where she is said to play her strange antics, and with singular energy ejaculated: 'Bravely spoken, young man, and nobly advised. May you never know sorrow. But as for you, ye cravens, cowards, midnight marauders! do your worst! I defy you! I have drunk from the cup of sorrow when it was full to the brim; now it is drained, what care I for the dregs? do your worst! I say! raze my humble dwelling to the ground, burn the ruins, and lay your murderous hands upon this old ruined form, and tear it in pieces. You would do well! for I am not fit to live!' Here she gazed about her, and tossed her arms wildly in the air, as she continued, after a pause, 'Nor yet to die!—nor yet to die! but do your worst, I defy you!'

"After the first moment of astonishment at what they conceived to be the supernatural appearance of the witch, the party took to their heels, and never looked behind them until they had reached their several homes. Even my companion partook of the panic, and fled with them. I own that my first impulse was to fly also, but something indefinable restrained me. After uttering her defiance, the woman seated herself in the attitude I have before described, and began swinging her body to and fro, muttering something, which, owing to the noise of the water rushing on the rocks, I was unable to distinguish. At length I ventured to cross the stream and approach her.

"'Back! back!' she exclaimed, waving her hand vehemently as I came near. Suddenly she paused, and shading her ghastly eyes with her withered hand, looked earnestly in my face. 'Ah! you are the youth who would have done me a kindness—I have no quarrel with you.' Here a tremor was apparent in her voice, and presently a tear stole over her haggard cheek. She brushed it away, muttering, 'I thought I had done with tears, but kindness will melt the heart when grief fails. You have shown me the only act of kindness I have known for years. Come within, I must make a confidant of you. I have much to tell you, which, though it does not concern you, is worth your patience.' I went with her as she desired, when she related to me the story of her life. It is too long for to-night—besides, I could never relate it faithfully. And now, Mary, as it is growing late, promise me that when we are married you will go with me to visit her. If I am not mistaken, her story will interest you. I have acquainted her with my intention to bring you with me. Do you promise?"

"Willingly!" was the answer, "and let it be on the night of our wedding, if you will." With this understanding they parted for the night.

The day appointed for the wedding came, and they were married. The party was small, and the guests departed at an early hour. "Come, Mary," said Harry to his blushing bride, when they were all gone, "the night is charming, and we must not forget our little appointment."

"I have not forgotten it, Harry!" was the answer, "for this intended visit to the witch has dwelt almost constantly in my mind since the evening on which we spoke of it;" saying which, she threw a thick muslin veil over her luxuriant tresses, and a shawl on her shoulders, when she signified her readiness to go.

The night was indeed charming. A cool breeze sighed through the shrubbery, wafting the odor of innumerable flowers, kissing the grain fields as it rustled through their bearded spires, and whispered its evening song among the leaves of the forest, as they fluttered in the moonlight. Incipient dew-drops glittered upon the blades of grass, fire-flies sparkled in the low grounds, and the plaintive chirrup of the cricket fell upon the ear like fairy music. They took the path leading over the brow of the hill, and were soon winding down the wild pathway, through the grove of evergreens. In a few moments they were standing upon a prominence, overlooking the hut of Mother Foote. A wreath of smoke was climbing from its little chimney, and curling fantastically among the overhanging branches of the surrounding shrubbery, while a feeble light was visible through the window. For one moment they paused in that position, for the double purpose of gaining breath after their tiresome descent of the stony path, and to admire the picturesque wildness of the scene.

"Beautiful! is it not?" exclaimed the happy bridegroom.

"Indeed it is," was the ready response; "but Harry, I half repent my resolution to visit this strange woman. The place awes me, in spite of its beauty. What a splendid natural cathedral—look! In that deep amphitheatre far down there, we may imagine the detached boulders and huge logs of driftwood the silent congregation. Above here is the gallery, and yonder rock, towering above all, might answer for the pulpit. As I live, Harry, there is the priest! look! just mounting the pulpit." Harry's eye followed the motion of the bride's finger to the spot indicated, and, true enough, upon the very summit of the "pulpit rock," as it was familiarly known, stood a dark figure, scarcely discernible except by a white cap relieved against the sombre background of evergreens.

"It is the witch!" exclaimed Harry, slightly recoiling with superstitious dread; then resuming his courage and raising his voice, he called to her. The murmuring of the waters over their rocky channel drowned his voice, and he had to repeat the call, in a louder tone, before the woman was made aware of their presence.

Starting suddenly from her abstracted position, she leaned forward, and peered through the partial gloom in the direction where they were standing.

"Ah!" she exclaimed, in a voice trembling with excitement, which was just intelligible above the rush of waters—"Ah! Harry Cheever, is it you?—You are true to your word, and I will keep mine. Descend to my dwelling, and I will be with you in a trice."

"Now, Mary, be firm! you will need all your courage and equanimity to endure this interview," whispered Harry, as the two threaded the remainder of the tortuous path. When they reached the door of the hut, the woman had already entered, and stood ready to receive them. The interior of this sylvan dwelling was as wild and picturesque as its outward appearance. A bright light, from blazing pine torches, shone from the mouth of a huge chimney, casting dark shadows from every object upon which it rested. The place was scantily furnished, the only seat being a rude bench, standing against the wall; a brass kettle and a washboard leaned in a corner, and against the chimney stood a table with a plain cover, upon which was perched a huge black cat, looking like one of the familiar spirits of the fabled sorcerers of old. The woman's form, though somewhat stout, was withered and bent; and though the face bore few wrinkles, there was in it an appearance of age and misery. When the two entered, she came forward, and taking the bride by the hand, motioned to Harry to remain without. He complied, but without entirely closing the door, in order that he might keep the parties under his eye. He had no sooner withdrawn, than the woman raised the hand of the maiden to the light, and brought it so near that a red strawberry mark was visible on its back, near the wrist. A gleam of satisfaction shot from the eyes of the witch, which the next moment gave place to an expression of sadness; then turning the hand she held in her own, and pointing to the palm with her finger, she asked: "Mary Manchester, shall I read your history?"

Mary was agitated, embarrassed, and at a loss what to reply. The woman's strange conduct and evident excitement, however, had raised her curiosity, and she invited her to proceed.

The woman made an effort at calmness, and fixed her attention upon the lines traced upon the fair palm of the maiden. At length she began:

"It is now fourteen years since you left the home of your birth, and wandered away in company with your father. His history, his untimely and sudden death, you know. Of the history of your mother you know nothing."

"Madam!" interrupted the bride, "I must not listen to you—I would be gone—I come to listen to your history, not my mother's:" and, pained beyond measure, Mary made a motion to depart, but the woman detained her, saying: "Nay, you go not now! I have a duty to perform—a duty to you, to myself, and others; and you *must* listen to me, patiently if you will, forcibly if you must!"

Seeing no help for it, Mary resigned herself to her lot, and the woman continued:—

"Of your mother you know nothing but what you have gathered from a paper, left you by your father. That paper is true in some things, false in others—false, not by design, but through misapprehension. Whatever may have been your mother's faults, she was never guilty of actual crime."

At this point of the conference, Mary conceiving, she knew not why, that what she heard was true, dropped upon her knees, and clasping her hands, exclaimed with fervor, "God, I thank thee! now I can be happy." A flood of tears composed her excited mind, and she begged the woman to proceed, for she was no longer an unwilling listener.

"Your father," continued the woman, "was suspicious and hasty in his temper. Your mother saw his peculiarities, but did not know how to appreciate, or govern her conduct in accordance with them.—When his mind was engrossed with the cares of unsuccessful business, she was disappointed of her pleasures, and blamed him for the disappointment; but all that you know. You know, too, that your mother left home in the company of one who had been a constant visiter in the family, and with whom she had been on terms of imprudent intimacy. But, in spite of appearances, your mother never harbored one unchaste thought, or indulged in any course of conduct with the intention of wronging your father. She only saw in this species of amusement an innocent mode of indulging her idle and exciting habits. Not so the man who had been the cause of the calamity that befell your family. He was a villian! a cold, calculating villian; with the cunning of the devil himself, he laid his plans for your mother's ruin. He thought he discovered in the levity of his victim an acquiescence in his schemes, and regarded the confidence she reposed in him, as a man of honor, as an evidence of illicit love. When they reached New York, instead of conveying her to her friends, he took her to an hotel. There, he revealed himself. Your mother was distracted. The revelation of that man's villany overcame her, and she fell into a fever. He guarded cautiously against her making her presence known to her friends, and when the delerium of her fever was raging, had her conveyed privately to a place where she lay insensible for days. At length, she recovered her reason, and begged to be taken home: she was told that it would not be safe; she was even denied the privilege of informing her friends of her location. All this time she was persecuted with the attentions of the man whom she had learned to hate—and, oh! how bitterly did she now repent her thoughtlessness! At length, driven again almost to madness, she found means to escape, and returned to her home. It was deserted; and none could inform her whither her husband and daughter had fled. She found herself maligned and despised among her old neighbors, and she too fled. For months, she wandered in search of her kindred. She could hear no tidings of them, until one evening, about two weeks since, she saw a young girl—she was struck with something familiar about her—she followed her to her home—for more than an hour she watched outside the dwelling for her reappearance; at the end of that time, a light appeared at a window, and the girl entered: your mother climbed the lattice-work outside, and took her station where she could observe the daughter's movements; presently she saw her take a package out of a bureau, and begin to read. She recognised the handwriting even at that distance—the daughter looked up and saw"—

"Her mother!" exclaimed Mary, wildly throwing herself into the arms of "the witch."

"It was, indeed, your mother, my poor girl," said the woman, after they had freely mingled their sobs and tears. "It was, indeed, your mother; happy, most happy! to be again restored to her orphan daughter. I should have mentioned to you, that your father left his business in an unsettled state.—After his departure, affairs took a favorable turn, and I received, from the hands of one of his friends, these papers, which he said your father had directed him to deliver to me in case I returned. I found myself mistress of property amounting to ten thousand dollars. Take the papers; I have never made any use of them; they are yours."

Harry advanced into the room with a smile, and asked Mary, with a kiss, if she regretted her visit.

"Harry!" she replied, "you knew she was my mother?"

"I did, but only within the past few days."

"There will be time for further explanation hereafter," said the mother; "now that you have adopted the name of your husband, you have no need of your true family name, which is neither Manchester nor Foote. My children! *always avoid even the seeming of infidelity to each other; and may you be happy!*"

Harry built him a lovely cottage, and Mary managed to make him happy and contented, even in the presence of his mother-in-law. Which of the twain, reader, think you was the witch, the mother or the daughter?

Stealing a Baby.

I never was partial to dogs, (though I denied some years ago on the haunch of one that a rascally Indian sold the family for venison;) they have always been my aversion, that the antipathy of my earlier years has not been in the least diminished by the part one took—not only out of my leg—but in breaking off as pretty a love scrape as ever Cupid rejoiced at.

I was attending my last course of lectures previous to graduation, in a Northern State, and as a matter of course, had but very little time to devote to amusement of love. But, nevertheless, even amidst all my occupation, I found time to renew and continue a friendship bordering closely upon love, even then, which I had formed the previous winter with a young lady residing in the city.

We were both young—alas! there the similarity ceased—she was beautiful—my ugliness was so apparent that I acknowledged it myself. She was wealthy—I had nothing but my profession, and that not yet secure. She was—but why continue the enumeration of our contrasts? Suffice it to say that we were fast approaching the condition when love in a cottage, and thoughts of an annual searching for beautiful and sentimental names occupy so much of the mind, when an infernal dog (not only of a daddy, but a real caniner) jumped—like a swamp gal into a jar of pickles—into the ring of our felicity, and left me to wail him first, and myself afterwards.

I hated dogs, and the father of my beloved had an equal aversion to Southerners, and according to the degree that class stood in his estimation, the old man and myself disliked the same objects; so his daughter and myself had to meet by stealth.

Twice a week the class of medical students attended clinical lectures at the hospital, which was situated in a retired part of the town; and thither the young lady, on the appointed evenings wouled repair, and awaiting the departure of the class, we, on our walk homewords, could talk over our love affairs without fear or interruption.

This pleasant arrangement had continued until nearly the close of the session, and we had agreed that when graduated, if her father's obduracy did not soften, we would elope, when some good-natured friend kindly informed her father of our intimacy, and that even as he came then to apprise him, he had met her going to keep her appointment.

Highly incensed, the old man started off to pursue her, but unfortunately did not arrive to prevent, but only witness an occurrence that created considerable attention at the time. Anatomy has ever been with me a favorite branch of my profession; and when a student I never let slip an opportunity, time and material permitting, to improve myself by dissection. It was a passion with me; and whenever I met a person extremely emaciated or finely developed, my anatomical eye would scan their proportions, and instead of paying them the usual courtesies of life, I would be thinking what glorious subjects they would be for museum preparations or dissection; and even when my audacious lips were stealing a kiss from the pulpy mouth of my lady-love, instead of floating into ecstacies of delight, my anatomical mind would wonder whether, even in death, electricity, by some peculiar adaptation, might not be able to continue their bewitching suction. To tell the truth I was becoming "gone" clean doft upon the *subject*, and consumptive people and orphan children began to look on me with suspicion, but Lucy attributed my conduct to the eccentricities of genius and love.

Connected with the hospital the class attended, was a dead-house, as is usual in such establishments, where such patients whose constitutions are not strong enough to stand the treatment, are deposited after death for forty-eight hours, in order that their friends may reclaim their bodies. The *morgue* in this institution, was directly under the lecture room, but, as the door was kept locked, it was regarded as sufficiently private.

On the day when my intended father-in-law was made acquainted with the clandestine meetings of his daughter and myself, I had, as usual, accompanied the class to the hospital, and during the delivery of the lecture, becoming very faint, I was forced to leave the close crowded room and seek the fresh air.

As I passed the door of the dead-house on my return, I noticed that it was ajar, and curiosity prompting me to see what was within, I pushed it open and entered, closing it behind me. There were several bodies, male and female, cleanly arrayed upon the table; but the object that attracted my attention the most, was an infant a few weeks old, lying by the side of its dead mother. They were both so black in the face that I would have suspected foul play, had it not been accounted for by the fact that they were both negroes. I strove to depart, but something formed a bond of association between that dead nigger baby and myself, which held me to my place, my gaze riveted upon it.

I wanted just such a subject—one I could carry up in my private room and dissect whilst I was waiting for my meals—something to while away my tedious hours with—but how to get it was the thing; the rules of the college and hospital were imperative, and I did not wish to be expelled. I could not beg, borrow or buy—there was but one way left, and that was stealing.

The plan was simple and easily arranged. It was very cold weather, and under the ample folds of my cloak the baby would be concealed effectually—Separating it from its dead mother's embrace, I rolled it, tenderly as if alive, into as small space as possible, and tying it up in my handkerchief, I placed it under my cloak, and left the dead-house.

Had I left immediately for home, on the baby's absence being discovered I would have been suspected immediately; so, great as was the danger, I had no other resource than to return to the lectureroom, and await our regular dismissal, running the chances of detection. No one, on looking at me then, would have accused me of feigning sickness; for, manfully as I strove to be composed, the danger of discovery unnerved me completely, and gave me such a tremor as would have passed for a creditable ague.

I have been often in imminent danger of my life, to know what cold sweat and minutes appearing hours are, but the longest life in the shortest space of time I ever led, was when, in the midst of four hundred students, I sat on those hard old benches, with the dead nigger baby under my cloak, waiting for the lecture to conclude. It had its end at last; and waiting till the class had pretty well dispersed, sauntered away towards my boarding-house, hoping that the inclemency of the weather had kept Lucy from keeping our usual appointment.

A sleety rain had fallen the preceding night, and, like Mrs. Blennerhassett's tears, freezing as it fell, had covered the pavement with a thin coat of ice, making the walking for pedestrians very insecure.

Surely, I thought, as a keen gust came round the corner, piercing my marrow with its coldness, her tender frame will not be exposed on such a day as this! 'Tis a good thing, too, for she would be horrified if she found what my burden was; when her smiling face, with her beautiful nose red as an inflamed eye, appeared, and told me I did not possess a proper appreciation of a Yankee gal's affection.

Somewhat vexed, for the first time in my life sorry to see her, I wished her (as it was so cold,) in the hottest place I knew of; but, dissembling my feelings, I vowed, when she came up, that if I had received the appointment of surgeon-general of the angels, it could not give me more pleasure than to see her then. I appeared as unconcerned as I could, and sedulously talked to her of such things as are very interesting to lovers and old maids, but deuced tiresome to all other parties concerned.

We had nearly reached the street corner where we usually parted, when, horror of horrors! who should we see coming round the identical corner but the lady's father, accompanied by a man who bore a marvellous resemblance to the city marshal.

Instead of fainting, Lucy uttered a stifled shriek, and gritting her teeth, dragged me into a house, the door of which stood invitingly open; one step more, and if fate had not been against me, these pages would never have been written, that baby would have been anatomized, and, in all probability, instead of being an old rusty swamp doctor, "caring a cuss for nobody, nobody caring for me," I would have been the happy head of a family, and rolling in my carriage. But the beautiful has departed—and never was.

A growl, a loud yell, bow-wow! wow! and, with a mouth distended like an alligator catching his desert of flies, a huge bull-dog sprang at us, placing us in rather of a dilemma; it was the dog of a daddy on one hand, and the daddy of a dog on the other.

Unlike Miss Ullin, who preferred meeting the raging of the skies to an angry father, embarked in a skiff and got drowned, I preferred an angry father to a mad bull-dog; so, seizing Lucy, I made a spring backwards, forgetting in my haste the slippery pavement; our feet flew up, and down we came in the open street, cross and pile, our inferior extremities considerably intermingled, and her ancles not as well protected from the heat as they might have been.

My cloak flew open as I fell, and the force of the fall bursting its envelope, out, in all its hideous realities, rolled the infernal imp of darkness upon the gaze of the laughing, but now horrified, spectators.

The old man had witnessed the whole scene.—Springing upon my feet, I assisted the lady to rise, and handed her over to her father. As he disappeared with her round the corner, I volunteered to whip the crowd, individually or collectively, but nobody seemed disposed to accept my services. Picking up my baby, I explained the whole to a constable, who was on the point of arresting me for child murder.

I sent the subject back to the dead-room, and came as near being expelled from college as ever a lover of knowledge did. I have never seen Lucy since, and my haggard features and buttonless coat testify that the swamp doctor is still a bachelor.